

THE King of Siam—Chulalongkorn—has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to sit up and read the obituary sketches that English and American newspapers published of him, but it is not stated what his opinions are concerning the statements that accompany them.

Letty staggered to his feet, and stood clinging to his saddle-horn, in

Lefty got on bad with him and publicity so far as was possible, and lessened by his own watchfulness and care the terrible risks Clark ran when driving. It came to be the regular thing that whenever the backboard was brought out for one of the manager's trips, Lefty got old Hank Pearson to take charge of the house and the cooking while he drove for Clark. It was only so that he felt at ease, for then he knew that whatever mauling reaching for the lines or slashing at the half-broke broncho team there was, he was there to take care of Clark, who had more than once of late rolled out of the backboard, and Lefty had had hard work, what with the wild team

When Clark Sargent, thoroughly sobered, got the wild ponies pulled down, turned around and drove back to the gate, there were still some ponies

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Alas! my gobbling days are done;
My fate is sad and murky—
I am that poor, poked, naked thing,
Known as—"a Christmas turkey."
—Pearl River



o' thieves when I was drinkin', an' didn't get no good by my meanin' neither. Whisky starved me an' from me as long as I stuck to it, an' tha

side of the gate moving. The moment he knew that there was a man behind each post, it being the only possible cover an assailant could have.

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